

JUNE 1947

OUR DUMB Animals



—Photo, Pedro Hernandez



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

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No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Our Need

THE past few years have cut down, with strong hands, the income of all charitable institutions. The war, with its innumerable calls, the high taxes and the depreciation of securities have made the old generosity of the pre-war days an impossibility for many people.

But nearly all the charities have had to keep steadily at work, increasing wages, meeting at every turn heavier expense, hoping and believing that the public would ultimately justify them in not relaxing their activities, by generous contributions. Our two Societies are the kind described.

To decline to listen to the increasing number of calls to relieve animal suffering; to refuse to minister to the sick and injured brought to us; to say we could not send agents throughout the State to investigate abuses and cruelties that would be neglected if we failed to respond—that has seemed to us unworthy of the trust committed to our charge.

At the same time, we have exercised the utmost care to make every dollar go the full distance of one hundred cents. Let no one imagine that we do not solicit and need generous help.

E. H. H.

"Dickie's" New Pet

Following is a true story that shows that the agents of our Society are always on the lookout, not only to relieve animal suffering, but to bring comfort and joy to owners of pets.—EDITOR.

THOUGH "Snooky's" pedigree was unknown, he had the frame of a Spitz, was coal black and according to "Dickie" Martin, age 4, of Brockton, the grandest pal a fellow ever had.

But, as often happens among dogs, Snooky contracted an incurable illness. Dickie's mother explained to the little youngster that his pet would have to be sent to the dog heaven to be cured.

"Just as we had to send grandmother to Heaven to get well?" voiced the saddened Dickie.

Dickie's mother called the "doctor," who came to take Snooky to the shelter where mother had explained he would be put to sleep and at night "angels" would come for him. The "doctor" was Herbert C. Liscomb, shelter manager of the Brockton branch of our Society.

Mr. Liscomb gracefully refused two wrapped rolls containing 50 pennies each that Dickie had saved "to pay Snooky's carfare to dog heaven," suggesting that Dickie save them to buy another little

dog pal, and promised he would see to it that Snooky's carfare would be taken care of. So he left with the youngster's sick pal and a letter written to God by the bereaved boy's mother — written exactly as Dickie had dictated it.

Following is his message: "Dear God — Tell Snooky where he is, and tell Grammie who he belongs to. Mommie and Daddy said he had to go to get well, so please take good care of him. Mommie and Daddy told me I couldn't take him to Heaven as a doctor would come after him and put him to sleep, and at night God would send his angels after him to make him well, like he did Grammie. I saved my pennies for his carfare to Heaven. — Little Dickie."

The following night, little Dickie's heart was full of gladness again as he enthused over a brown and white bundle of canine joy named "Spotty," a gift to him brought by Mr. Liscomb. Again Dickie offered those two rolls of pennies. And again Mr. Liscomb refused, suggesting this time that Dickie put those pennies toward Spotty's dog license. With that he left the house with a grin on his face and the tingle of that "great big hug" that overjoyed little Dickie had given him.

—Brockton Enterprise



Photo, Stanley A. Bauman

Dickie, giving thanks for his new pet, "Spotty," who joins him gratefully.

Here and There

Sonnet

*This then is war: the constant throbbing pain,
The sharp command, the tired lifeless feet,
The wretched scars for every inch of gain,
The massacre of all that men held sweet.
They shall not ever say that we forgot!
Forget? Man cannot love and murder too!
He has no time for hate, the ordered rot;
The world is thriving; there is much to do.
Tonight he looks beyond two thousand years,
And sees foundations that were doomed to fall;*

*The face of war is wet with grimy tears;
He has a brilliant plan to solve it all:
Let men unite through bond of common cause
Unflinching souls before the God of Wars.*

—Betty E. Nissen

IT is interesting to note the attitude of Mexicans toward the animal protection societies of this country. In a recent report of President Truman's visit to Mexico in *Life Magazine*, we find the following:

At the conclusion of his three-day visit, Mexicans gave Harry Truman a royal send-off. One Mexican newspaper even defended the President for not attending a bullfight. The paper gallantly explained: "in the United States there is a strange and powerful political organization called the S. P. C. A."

Assuredly, we are not that, but we congratulate the President sincerely for refraining from attending an exhibition of such a cruel sport.

*Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The Friend of every friendless beast.*

—Longfellow

This Is My Credo: I will this day try to live a simple, sincere, and serene life, repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a child-like trust in God.

—John H. Vincent

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Leave Them Free

By W. J. BANKS

TOO MUCH OF THIS MAY
BE MISTAKEN "KINDNESS."

MANY kind people have saved the lives of young animals and birds, large and small, by taking them home and caring for them when they have been left helpless by the death of their mothers. Such action wins the gratitude of animal lovers. Not so, however, the overenthusiasm of well-meaning but ill-advised people who, merely for their own pleasure or curiosity, carry off as pets wild creatures quite capable of survival in their natural environment. Unnecessary confinement and handling, strange food and surroundings should be avoided whenever possible, naturalists believe.

It may be true that some such captured pets, after a fear-ridden period of adjustment, become quite fond of their human companions and appear content to remain with them even when well grown. However, it should be remembered, at least in the case of large animals belonging to normally undomesticated species like deer, moose and bear, that these are always a potential danger, especially to children or strangers; less often due to treachery than to sudden fright or overfriendliness. A good ex-



ample is provided by the black and grizzly bears in the national parks, which visitors often feed against the advice of the authorities. To develop over-tameness in a young cub, may be equivalent to signing his death warrant. For, when the bear becomes big and powerful, he may resort to housebreaking to obtain the sweet foods to which he has become accustomed; or even injure people in his enthusiastic search for tidbits. All this is quite foreign to the bear's inoffensive nature and would never develop if people left him alone.

"Tamed" animals, too, are placed at a terrible disadvantage if and when, as

usually happens finally, they answer "the call of the wild." Their chance of survival is then greatly lessened due to their habit of dependence upon their human friends for food, or lack of caution which may lead to death by natural enemy or hunter's bullet. All in all, it is a good rule *never* to confine or make pets of wild creatures except when necessary; and that is seldom, indeed. Nature has adapted each species for healthful life in its natural surroundings under conditions which may seem difficult to many people, who, attracted by the "cuteness" of young wild creatures, seek any excuse to carry them off as pets.

Feline Movie Fan By ROSE CAULFIELD

CASEY," a thirteen pound black and white alley cat, was considered a loyal member of our family until a recent episode forced a doubt into our minds.

Casey is easily identified by his strange yellow eyes, which oddly enough, are crossed and turn in to his nose. I was therefore quite sure that the cat

who marched down the aisle of the theater one night was my property.

Imagine my surprise as I carried him out, to be confronted by an irate manager who accused me of stealing *his* cat. After a lengthy discussion, I learned that in recent months, Casey has occupied his own favorite seat in the balcony every night in the week and has become

the pet of the theater staff. So partial is he to his chair that he will climb upon the lap of anyone daring to sit in it and force them away by kneading his claws into their legs.

Whether he comes to enjoy the music of the movie or for other reasons, we do not know, but he is certainly enjoying a certain degree of fame.

ANIMAL LORE

The Arctic Tern

IS THE WORLD'S CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE FLYER. IT NESTS IN THE ARCTIC AND THREE MONTHS LATER IT MAY BE FLYING ABOUT IN THE ANTARTIC, 11,000 MILES AWAY.



Resourceful Mother Cat

By EDNA B. WILLIAMS

FLUFF," our black Persian cat, was much admired and loved for her great beauty and unusual intelligence. But even above these virtues was her great capacity for mother love. She had many families to her credit and each seemed dearer to the heart of the mother than the previous one. All hours of the day and night, except for a short time out for food and needed exercise, was spent in the care of these precious babies.

Now the latest family lay fat and sleek in their box, for Fluff's coral tongue kept them beautifully groomed at all times. The box had been placed directly under the window in order that its occupants might get all the air possible, as the weather had been unusually warm. However, the temperature dropped quite suddenly during the night; the warm, fragrant breeze became a sharp, cold wind laden with moisture, which swept through the cottage.

Awakened by a jump upon my bed, I thought vaguely of the kittens' discomfort and possible danger, but being heavy with sleep I failed to go to their rescue. Again I felt a jump; evidently the anxious mother was asking for help, but again meeting with no response, she may have seen that the responsibility was put directly up to her.

Some time passed when again I was aroused from sleep by the pressure of two soft paws upon my shoulder, and the next instant a tiny ball of fur fell into my arms. When this was washed and comforted, Fluff returned to the wet, cold box for another darling. Not until all the kittens had been transferred to their new quarters, did the faithful mother curl herself up for rest.

Mother love had overcome fear and danger. When human friendship had failed, the alert cat rose to the occasion and rescued her offspring by carrying them to the safest and warmest place known to her.

Do Birds Remember?

By HENRI TUSSENBROEK

IN the early summer of the year 1945, one morning, as I was entering my vegetable garden, my attention was drawn to a pile of grass clippings I had left there the previous afternoon. Something was stirring in the pile. I soon discovered the reason. A baby robin, unable to fly, was hopping around on the pile of grass.

It was lucky I discovered the little fellow because we have two cats and a Boston terrier. I managed to get the bird into the house and tried to feed him at once. He ate some paste, made from whole wheat bread crumbs and milk. I started right off calling him "Peter" and repeated the name many times when I went in my room to feed him.

Peter showed himself quite at home and persisted in sleeping on the arm of a floor lamp near my bed, refusing to make use of a nice box, stuffed with warm rags and cotton. Many days went by with Peter living apparently content with his lot. He soon began to recognize me and gave little squeals each time I came into the room. He ate heartily of his bread and milk diet which I gave him four or five times daily. I kept pushing him gently off the floor lamp in an effort to teach him how to fly. He seemed to enjoy the exercise and made rapid progress.

Then a day came when he flew all around the room. I took him into the garden to send him away on his venture in the wide open spaces. Peter flew away and sat on a branch of a nearby tree. He circled the garden a few times and then came down on my shoulder. He remained there as I re-entered the house. For several days all efforts to give him his liberty were a total failure.

Came another lovely sunrise and again I took Peter in the garden and released him. This time he flew up high and perched himself on the top of an electric light pole. That was his real start for the great spaces beyond. Imagine my surprise when for many mornings after that day, when I went into the garden to feed the birds, Peter would suddenly appear out of nowhere and sit on the light pole. A few soft whistles and a call "Peter, Peter" and the robin would come down on my shoulder and peck the lobe of my ear, as if to say: "Thank you, my friend! I haven't forgotten you. I am free and happy now."

Peter went away for good one day and I did not see him again. But last year, in 1946, I was attracted to a nearby tree. A bird was busily building a nest. It was a robin. I went out under the tree and called out: "Peter, Peter!" The robin came down on my shoulder and pecked my ear.

Peter the robin has left once more. I have a feeling that I may see him again this year when Spring comes to Connecticut.



It's easy with a G.I. loan!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Canine Crooner

by A. D. Kline

WE have all seen dogs do tricks. Dogs that dance. Dogs that count. Acrobatic dogs and dogs that play games. But a dog that sings? That's different!

One warm June evening in 1945, about six o'clock, "Pudgy," a little Manchester terrier not quite one year old, was dozing under the kitchen table while his young mistress, Elaine, was patiently allowing her mother, Mrs. Josephine Kucharski, of South Bend, Indiana, to put up her hair.

The radio in the next room was tuned to the Chicago Motor Club Program. Suddenly the clear high tenor notes of the program's singing star, Richard Paige, floated from the speaker. Pudgy sat erect, his ears forward. He trotted briskly to the radio. Tilting his tiny nose in the air he emitted an unusual soft tone that fluctuated in pitch with the human singer. When Mr. Paige concluded his number Pudgy returned

to his sunny spot under the table and, sighing, went back to sleep.

Elaine and her mother, who had watched the performance in awe-struck silence, burst out in laughter and could hardly wait to tell Mr. Kucharski. Naturally, he wanted to see the dog perform. All evening various programs were tried. They even played recordings. But Pudgy remained silent and bored. The next day they again tried to get Pudgy to sing but nothing happened until Richard Paige and the Chicago Motor Club Program returned to the air. Then Pudgy sang a duet.

It only took a few days to assure the Kucharskis that Pudgy would respond only to Paige's voice. In order to be able to show Pudgy off to their friends Mrs. Kucharski began a search for Paige recordings. She could find none anywhere. The few friends she had told were beginning to doubt her story of the dog's ability, so, in desperation, Mrs. Kucharski wrote to Richard Paige and requested several of his recordings.

Months passed and Mrs. Kucharski had almost forgotten the letter when one day late in November there came an answer and an apology from Richard Paige. The letter had been mislaid and that was why he had been so long in answering it, but would Mrs. Kucharski allow him to visit her with his press agents and a photographer?

Now it was Mrs. Kucharski's turn to delay. Would Pudgy perform? She was afraid he might not. She put off answering the request until after Christmas. Late in January, 1946, she received a long distance phone call. It was Richard Paige! Could he call at her home the following Monday? Yes, she guessed he could.

Shortly after ten o'clock on Monday, January 28, Mr. Paige, two press agents, and a photographer arrived. Pudgy, who likes to have his guests be seated, immediately made up with Paige and was soon on his lap. Suddenly Paige began singing. Pudgy's ear came forward, something akin to a smile lit his canine face, he pointed his nose in the air and sang a duet with his idol, in person, to the delight and surprise of the witnesses. Those present were astonished at Pudgy's ability to keep in tune with the human singer, and as his soft tone fluctuated with the voice of Paige they declared the performance almost unbelievable.

As a reward and a tribute to Pudgy, and to show his appreciation to Mrs. Kucharski, Paige left several of his recent recordings. This gift to Pudgy now makes it possible for Mrs. Kucharski to entertain her friends with one of Pudgy's concerts, and she no longer keeps his unusual ability to sing a secret.

Pudgy, who was two years old in August, is one of six males that comprised the entire litter. They were all born with stubby tails. When the pups were about six weeks old Elaine pointed to Pudgy and said, "That's my dog." Although she already had a wire-haired terrier her parents allowed Elaine to keep Pudgy.

Pudgy does all the tricks that terriers learn so quickly. He particularly likes buttered toast. His only fault is not coming when called. Elaine usually has to go after him on these occasions. He will not snap, growl, or bark at anyone unless a hand is raised as though to strike him. Pudgy is quick to take advantage of every opportunity he gets to sleep on Elaine's bed.

He particularly likes his bath and thoroughly enjoys a trip to the lake. He also likes to be held like a baby and rocked. He will stand for hours and look out the front windows. Pudgy is entirely black with the exception of white markings on his throat and lower forelegs, and brown markings on his lower hind legs.

Whenever a radio program includes singing Pudgy will stop whatever he is doing and listen intently for a few moments. However, unless the voice is that of Richard Paige he will resume whatever he was doing. During the holiday season, however, Pudgy added another affinity in the form of choir or hymnal music, to which he sings an accompaniment.



Richard Paige and "Pudgy" sing a duet.



"LADY DARE"

Lady Dare, Irish Terrier and beloved pet of Mrs. Edith W. Balch, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Here Lady Dare is shown in happier days on her beautiful estate in Ohio. She has been one of many dogs that has enjoyed the love and affection of Mrs. Balch.



When Dogs Went to Church

WHEN Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and many other books, was a child, her father, the Reverend Lyman Beecher, one of the greatest preachers of his day, permitted his parishioners to bring their dogs to church. The dogs were usually well behaved and slept most of the time during service. Occasionally, however, if some of them became restless, before the three hours sermon was concluded, they would walk up and down the aisles a few times as if to say in dog language, "Mr. Preacher, it's time to quit." If the preacher failed to take the hint, they would go back to their accustomed place and take another nap.

Mrs. Stowe tells us an amusing incident about the behavior of their dog, "Trip." Trip knew his master's voice but he was not accustomed to have a stranger occupy the pulpit. Hence one Sunday when a neighboring pastor, who had exchanged pulpits with Dr. Beecher, read the hymn: "Sing to the Lord aloud," Trip began to howl. The pastor continued:

"Sing to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise."

But Trip's determination to suppress any usurper, who dared to occupy his master's pulpit, finally caused his expulsion from the church.

—H. C. Lake

In Animal Footsteps

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

MEN can often follow in the footsteps of animals with advantage to themselves and benefit to their neighbors. A case in point was provided in the building of the nation's first transcontinental railroad.

When the railroad was being pushed westward out of Nebraska through the Wyoming hills, repeated surveys and calculations were made by the engineers in search of the easiest and most gradual grades.

In the long run they found the buffalo trails followed the most gradual rises in the terrain and the easiest grades for railroading safety and economy. The mountain trails made by the buffalo herds thus became the historic and almost legendary "U. P. Trail."

In many places in the North Atlantic and Great Lakes states the beavers provided an object lesson in the proper terracing of valleys to protect them against flood and soil erosion.

Early settlers were often puzzled by the regular terracings found in many American valleys. Naturalists finally agreed that these had been constructed thousands of years ago by hardworking beavers eager to protect their homes against the ravages of nature.

With all his scientific knowledge, man has not yet developed a better method of preventing flood and soil erosion in these fertile valleys. Credit the beavers with the first scientific approach to the problem.

Beaver dams also provided primitive man with the idea for impounding wa-

ter for storage purpose. The ancient Egyptians were the first to copy the beavers when their irrigation systems turned the deserts of the Nile into fertile farming country some 4,000 years ago.

Prairie dogs developed a community life of their own long before there were enough people to build and live in cities. They burrowed tunnels and rooms that were linked with minor passageways on different underground levels. The largest known prairie dog town extended for one hundred below the surface miles in the Midwest plains' country.

Mankind's failure to build a peaceful world will make us a race of burrowers, digging our own below ground communities on much the same order as the prairie dogs.



People Did Not Forget

A VERY unusual funeral was recently witnessed in Durban, Natal, South Africa. It was the funeral of a 19-year-old dog, Jock.

This faithful animal was known to thousands of people living in the dock area, and to seafaring men from many countries.

Credit for this elaborate funeral is due the men from the Customs Department, who, in full uniform, acted as pallbearers.

More than 200 spectators watched the Union Jack draped coffin lowered into a special grave not far from the Customs offices.

—R. Ashfield

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Night Watchman of the Sea

The lantern fish is well prepared
To roam the darkest deep;
He carries lights upon his sides,
So he can swim and peep.

No doubt he works at night, so he
Can guard the sleepyheads,
Those dozing fish that lie and snore,
In their sea-lettuce beds!



Sacred Cats

THE cat was a very sacred animal among the early Egyptians. Those who lived in what was called the "granary of the world" are said to have recognized the value of the cat at an early date because it would rid their granaries of rats and mice which destroyed their grain. These people protected and revered the cat. Temples were built in its honor. Sacrifices were offered to it. To kill a cat brought the penalty of death to the killer.

The members of a household shaved off their eyebrows as a sign of mourning when the cat died. When a temple cat died the whole city mourned its loss. Dead cats were embalmed and made into mummies the same as dead kings and nobles. The cat was so sacred that the goddess Bast or Pacht was pictured as having a cat's head.

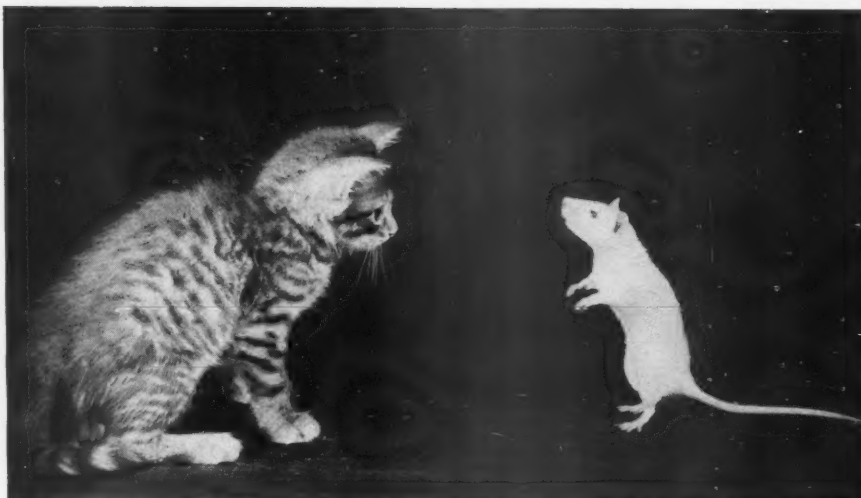
The Egyptian respect for cats so spread over Europe and Asia that many peculiar superstitions still cling to them. In Japan if one killed a cat it was believed to bring a curse upon the person and his family for seven generations. Ichigo, the Emporer of Japan, was so fond of cats that he appointed one a lady-in-waiting at his court. Both Japanese and Chinese thought cats had great wisdom and that they could speak after they were ten years old. The Chinese believed that cats could change themselves into other creatures after they had reached a certain age. In the near East there is a superstition that men become cats after death. Some Arabs think that either a jinni or the first born of twins can change into a cat at will.

In Europe and America there are familiar superstitions about witches taking the shape of black cats as shown in Halloween pictures. Some people will turn back if a black cat crosses the path in front of them.—D. Edwin Stoeckel



Beautiful and harmless on any day.

June 1947



"Whitey" does a dance, while "Mighty" looks on approvingly.

Peace Propaganda

By MARIA MORAVSKY

IF a cat and a rat can live peacefully together, why not human beings? It is all a matter of training and heredity. One can breed out and train out all the so-called natural animosity toward another specie.

Once in a blue moon, no training is necessary. A peace-loving cat will appear, like this one which we call "Mighty," and of its own accord, will strike up a friendship, or at least an armed neutrality with a rat, like ours, which we named "Whitey."

Mighty is a plain alley kitten. His mother forgot to tell him that rats are his mortal enemies, so he has just a friendly curiosity about them. Besides, he is well fed, so other small animals

don't tempt his appetite. He would rather have milk, anyway.

We let Whitey and Mighty lead natural lives, free from any restraint. No fortified boundaries on either side. We even constructed an artificial rat hole for Whitey to hide in, in case the kitten grew too inquisitive. It happened only once: when the would-be Mighty hunter saw the rat disappear into its hole, he made a tentative gesture with his paw to capture it. But nothing happened, and diplomatic relations were never broken. Mighty even allows the gentle white rat to dance in front of him, with impunity. Note the kitten's friendly, curious gaze.

Why can't humanity emulate Mighty?



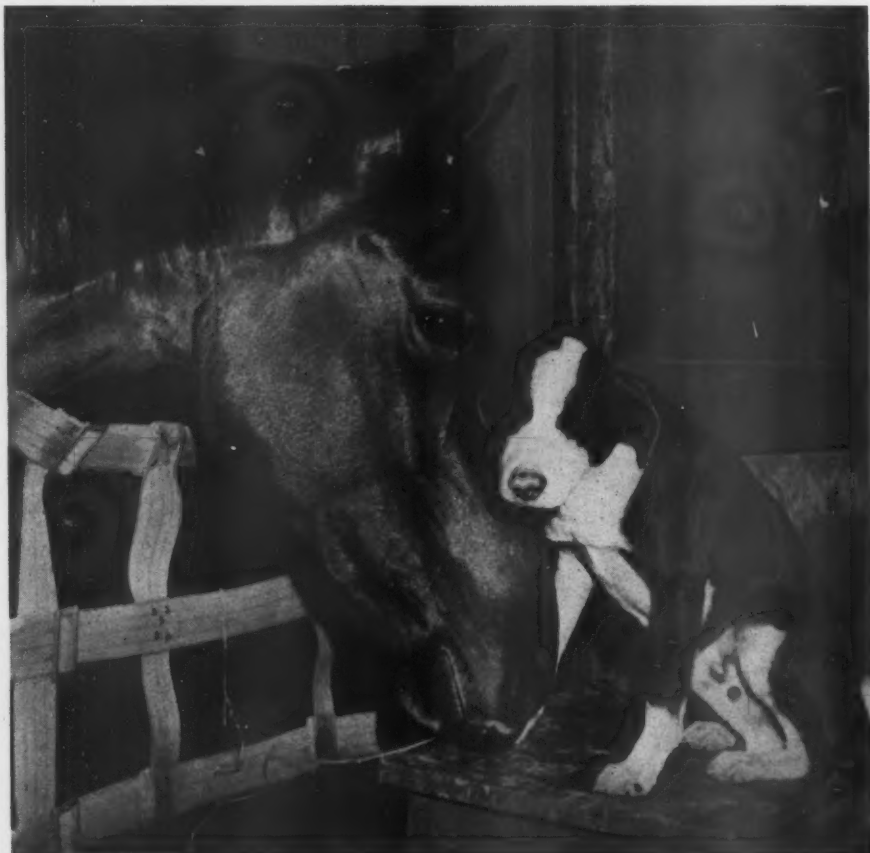
Canine Undertaker

By NATHAN COOPER

OLD PUP," a Scotch Collie of a neighbor of ours, was very proud of her litter of nine pups, and evidenced quite as much love and concern for them as would any true mother of her offspring. Then one day, not long after their birth, one of the little ones died, and was carried by two of the smaller boys to a vacant field not far off and buried, quite ceremoniously, as boys are

wont to do. They were accompanied by Old Pup, the mother, who watched the proceedings with forlorn interest and a rather sad demeanour. Then unhappily, one by one, and in the space of a few days, Old Pup suffered the untimely demise of all her offspring . . . and one by one, as they died, she carried them to the field and buried them in a neat row beside the first.

ANIMALS IN



Wide World Photos

◀ "WAKE UP, PAL!"

"Bingo," a puppy at a stable in Atlantic City, has trouble shaking the sleep from his eyes as his horse pal noses him into wakefulness. Bingo is a special pet around the stable and the horses greet him with welcoming whinnies when he goes the rounds.

OFFICIAL WEDDING WITNESS ▶

Seeing-eye dog, "Joy," recently officiated as a witness at the marriage of her mistress, Samantha Ingham. This event took place recently in Chicago. In the picture at the right, Marriage Clerk Sid Summerfield issues a marriage license to James Riley, prospective bridegroom, and Miss Ingham, both blind. Joy watches the ceremony alertly to be sure that his mistress has the best of treatment.



Press Association, Inc.

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Dumb Animals,"
monthly publication of the Society
are offered for photographs of the
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tell a story—pictures
feeding or building
domestic animals
showing care and surroundings
for their comfort. The Contest is
open to professionals and amateurs
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Be kind to Animals
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THE NEWS



Press Association, Inc.

EDUCATED CANINE

Talk about your educated canines—a half-blind mongrel dog participated in the graduation exercises of the public schools in Wall, Pennsylvania, last May. "Spot," who may have an airedale or a shepherd as an ancestor, received a perfect attendance certificate for not missing a school session for the past ten years. The shaggy black and white dog accompanied first his master, John Stanko, to school. Then he followed John's sister, Rosalie, and then brother Bob. Bob graduated in May. Now the question is whether or not Spot has become so used to going to school that he will go all by himself. In the picture Spot is shown with Bob who has to get around on crutches for a while.

CAT MOTHERS BABY OPOSSUMS

Here we see a mother cat, from California, who adopted two baby opossums, and nursed them right along with her one black kitten. The mother opossum was killed by a hunter and four babies were found to be in her pouch. Two of the babies died and the remaining two, nursed by the cat, lived for several weeks. However, puss did her very best for them while they lived.



Winifred Gray Stewart

33rd Kindness Week Observed

BE Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday, which have been sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals during the past thirty-three years, were fittingly observed during the Week of April 7 to 13.

Each year has shown an increasing interest and wider participation in this observance by the schools, churches, humane societies and civic organizations in nearly all parts of the country. Proof of this is perhaps best certified by the press of cities and towns which has given so generously of its space to editorials, news write-ups, cartoons, and illustrations, stressing the importance of humane activities. To the radio stations, also, and preeminently, great credit is due for their co-operation in the allotment of time for humane broadcasts throughout the week.

While Be Kind to Animals Week has been accepted and adopted as an annual feature by school authorities, it has also received the endorsement of governors of states, mayors of cities and other public officials. Space, alone, precludes any attempt to give adequate indication of the many observances in other sections of the country. Practically all the local humane organizations and especially all the field representatives of our American Humane Education Society annually arrange special programs.

To quote just one proclamation, our own Governor Bradford issued the following statement:

The recognition of Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week, now nationally observed, was originally started 33 years ago by our own Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This Society has also taken a leading part in national humane legislation.

Under the inspiration of George T. Angell, more than eight million children in this country have been gathered into small humane groups which have had



Rosemary Kinney and Hugh McQueen appear interested in a display of prize-winning posters.

awakened and fostered in their minds the fine principles of justice, fair play and kindness toward every form of life. How vast has been this influence for good on the characters of so many children, no one can estimate.

Inasmuch as Massachusetts, through the efforts of our own state society, is the birthplace of this nationwide movement, I believe all of us should join in the observance of Be Kind to Animals Week, April 7-12, and Humane Sunday, April 13. I further urge that the teachers in our schools recognize this observance with appropriate exercises.

School Exercises

"Humane Day" has been observed for many years in the schools of Massachusetts. To aid teachers in arranging appropriate programs, a special eight-page pamphlet, called Humane Education for the Atomic Age, was prepared and distributed gratuitously. Approximately 8,000 of these leaflets were supplied to schools throughout the state and in addition, posters and other literature were sent to all sections of the country.

Our film, "Out of the Heart," was in great demand in various sections of the country, one copy in particular going to Boston English High School where the picture was shown to some 2,500 pupils.

Radio Broadcasts

We literally took to the air during Kindness Week and daily radio broadcasts were featured throughout the State. Our sincere appreciation goes to the many stations who so generously donated time for these special features.

Naturally our four regular weekly broadcasts featured the observance, including "Animals in the News," William A. Swallow, narrator, over WBZ; "Animal Club of the Air," with Albert A. Pollard interviewing one of our prosecuting officers, Herman N. Dean, over WMEX; "Animaland," with Miss Margaret Kearns, over WHDH; and "S. P. C. A. Time," with Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe interviewing Thornton W. Burgess, over WSPR.

Other broadcasts throughout the Week included the following: President Eric H. Hansen, interviewed by Louise Mor-

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



FULLY RECOVERED

Be Kind to Animals Week will certainly be remembered by "Penny," three-month-old cocker spaniel. Here we see her ready to leave our Hospital after treatment for a slight concussion, caused by a four-story fall from an apartment house building. Miss Mary MacQuarrie, Hospital staff member, is shown giving Penny a send-off.

gan over WNAC; J. Robert Smith, Springfield District Manager, over WMAS; Fred T. Vickers, prosecuting officer, over WESX; T. K. Haswell, prosecuting officer, over WBRK; Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Chairman of the Board, over WCOP; Harry C. Smith, prosecuting officer, on the "Julie and Johnny" program over WTAG; "Tour of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," Chick Morris, announcer, interviewing Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President Eric H. Hansen and Chief of Staff Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder over WBZ; Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Assistant Chief of Staff, and Miss Kathleen Driscoll, X-Ray technician, over WEEI; Harold G. Andrews, prosecuting officer, over WOGB; President Eric H. Hansen, over WCOP; Springfield Chief of Staff, Dr. A. R. Evans, over WSPR; Charles E. Brown, prosecuting officer, over WNBH; "Visit to Rest Farm for Horses," Chick Morris, announcer, interviewing Superintendent Joseph E. Haswell over WBZ; Dr. Rudolph H. Schneider, of our Hospital staff, over WORL; spot announcements over WBRK, WMAS, WSPR; Priscilla Fortescue over WEEI; and Mildred W. Carlson, over WBZ.

Humane Poster Contest

As in former years, an outstanding feature of the week in Massachusetts was the state-wide humane poster contest. Great interest is always manifest in this educative competition. Over 5,000 posters were received from 395

schools in 166 cities and towns. Copies of the book, "Black Beauty," were given as first prize, "Beautiful Joe" as second prize, and honorable mentions received a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.

Rowley Day

Directed by Mr. Burlingham Schurr, Curator of the Museum of Natural History and Art, at Holyoke, Massachusetts, Kindness Week was set apart for special observances. For the fourth consecutive year one day of the Week was specially designated as "Rowley Day" in honor of our own Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who was directly responsible for the starting of Be Kind to Animals Week. Some 390 young people wrote and sent letters to Dr. Rowley on that day, congratulating him for his outstanding service for animals.

During the Week, hundreds of adults attended the ceremonies and 1,020 school children participated in the various programs pertaining to kindness to living creatures.

Rowley Day, itself, was a banner event with 574 young people and adults crowding into the Museum. Curator Burlingham Schurr, assisted by Judge Philip O'Brien, president of the Holyoke Library and Museum; Acting Mayor Joseph Jubinville, Jr.; Dr. Adolph Franz, Sr.; Robert H. Russell, Jr.; and Francis C. Heywood awarded 69 prizes consisting of yearly subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, story books and Be Kind to Animals pennants.

At the close of the session, humane blotters, Be Kind to Animals buttons, copies of the magazine and animal calendars were distributed.

This year marked the twentieth con-

secutive year that the Holyoke Museum has carried out extensive programs during Kindness Week. By these observances, it has continued to stress kindness and understanding of all animal life.

Pigeons Honored

A fitting climax to Army Week and Be Kind to Animals Week took place the final day on Boston Common, when the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals awarded four Army homing pigeons a handsomely engraved Certificate of Merit, in recognition of their heroic service during World War II.

The pigeons, named "Liles Boy," "Jungle Joe," "General Clark" and "Yank," are credited with having carried numerous valuable messages hundreds of miles, when all other methods of communication failed. Our Treasurer, Albert A. Pollard, made the award to Staff Sergeant Harry Lucas, Pigeoneer, Post Pigeon Detachment, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. Sergeant Lucas was responsible for the training of the courageous birds.

In the Field

Throughout the country, representatives of the American Humane Education Society in Washington, Georgia, Texas, Virginia, Florida and Pennsylvania, arranged for special programs in celebration of Be Kind to Animals Week.

Our Field Representative, Mr. W. F. H. Wentzel, of Pittsburgh, reports that an outstanding number of posters were submitted in the annual poster contest of school children, sponsored by his Society each year. In addition, he distributed literature and posters throughout the territory his Society serves.



Curator Burlingham Schurr announces awards to children participating in the program.

Society News



Mary and "Peter."

Still Photogenic

EIGHT years ago a little four-year-old girl and a year-old springer spaniel played the leads in a motion picture. Its theme was kindness to animals, and through the years it has been viewed by more than a million children. Mary Stebbins Newell was the girl and "Peter" was the springer spaniel.

And, like all actors, Peter has periodic check-ups to preserve his health. The above picture of Mary and Peter was taken recently at our Springfield Branch Hospital after Peter had been examined by Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief-of-Staff. The eight-year-old motion picture is still being enjoyed by school children in Western Massachusetts.

The picture, "Small Peter's Chief Adventure," was produced under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of the Springfield Branch. Mrs. Harold S. Treworgy wrote the script and the photography was generously done by Joel Harris Newell, Mary's father.



Looking for a Home

A COMPLAINT was received that a wild dog, with puppies, was under a house and the owner was unable to persuade her to come out.

One of our agents with the Chief of Police went to the house, but they could not reach her. They did not want to put her to sleep, so advised the owner to wait until the dog came out at night, then block up the hole and toll her into the barn for food, where perhaps he could catch her in a humane trap. This maneuver was successfully carried out and the dog and three female puppies were taken to the Hospital. Homes were found for them, and at last reports the puppies were doing well.

Before Probation Officer

A REPORT was received that three boys took three saddle horses from a riding stable one night and one of the horses dropped dead.

Our agent investigated and the three boys were brought before the Probation Officer.

One of the boys who works for the owner of the riding school from which the horses were taken put the saddles and bridles on the horses and went riding with the other two boys. They were out about two and a half hours. The boy said he did not drive the horse hard, but suddenly it threw up its head and dropped dead. The boys said they had rented horses from the boy employed at the stables before.

The Court did not find sufficient evidence of cruelty to hold the boys, but the owner was warned not to allow them to hang around the stables.

Springfield Area

Feeling Better

HAPPY birthday to you," might be what Mark and Bryan Smith are saying to "Bruce," a seven-year-old airedale, following surgery for the removal of a foreign body at the Springfield Branch Hospital. Bruce was given a rubber bone for a birthday present and proceeded to swallow a large portion of it. He was sick two weeks before entering the hospital, where examination by Dr. Robert L. Leighton revealed the source of trouble.

No doubt Bruce will stick to a proper diet in the future, but countless dogs will continue to suffer from chewing rubber toys. Veterinarians point to the danger when such toys are provided, and recommend instead a boiled leg bone for your dog's enjoyment.



It was a nice birthday, but "Bruce" feels better now that he has recovered from swallowing his present of a "juicy" rubber bone.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

s and Service

Boston Area

Imprisoned Skunk

PERHAPS skunk stories are becoming commonplace, but the possibilities of being attacked are still imminent.

One of our agents, answering a call to free an imprisoned skunk, found the animal had fallen into a window well. A board was placed from the top edge to the bottom of the well but the incline was too steep for the skunk to clamber out. The agent then secured a rope noose and, with much patience, placed it around the animal's neck and pulled it to safety.

There might have been a sad ending to this story, but the skunk evidently realized that the agent was its friend and did not resort to its natural means of defense.

Results were good; one skunk freed and one agent able to return to work.



"Judy," English bull terrier, seems to be telling Nurse Ellen Sullivan, how proud she is of her eight offspring which were born recently at our Hospital.

Boy with Rifle

THE DANGER of allowing boys to have rifles is illustrated by the following: Our agent called on complaint that a boy was shooting dogs, found that a dog had been X-rayed and found to have a bullet lodged in his spine, paralyzing the animal so that it had to be put to sleep. Inquiry revealed that a boy in the neighborhood was shooting at dogs with a rifle. The mother of the boy stated that she had no control over him. The principal of the school which the boy attended said that he had been an honor student, but now refused to cooperate in any way. The boy finally broke down and confessed to the shooting. While investigating this case a report was received that a white collie was seen running and yelping out of the boy's yard, and later it was found dead from a shot. The boy confessed to this shooting also, and the court put him on probation for one year and ordered him to pay \$25.00.



Medal awarded for kindness.

Heroic Deed Rewarded

FRED TUTHILL, of Weymouth, received a bronze medal from the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for risking his life some weeks ago when he rescued a German shepherd dog from the icy waters of Whitman Pond, Weymouth.

Mr. Tuthill, who learned of the animal's plight from a 13-year-old girl, crying in despair on the pond's bank, first laid a 25-foot plank on the ice. However, it broke through and plunged him into the water. Nothing daunted, he seized the large dog by the collar and swam toward shore, breaking the ice in front of him as he went.

In the above picture, Mr. William A. Swallow, Secretary of our Society, is shown congratulating Mr. Tuthill for his courageous deed.



Cruelty to Horses

OUR AGENT received a complaint that a man who had been drawing cord wood from a swamp in back of the complainant's house cruelly beat the horses over the head when the wagon bogged down, and one of the horses fell in the mud. Brought into court the defendant admitted that he struck the horses, but said he used a small stick. He was found guilty and fined \$50.

A report was received that a horse was being starved. On investigation, our agent found the horse fair-bodied, but there was only a little grain and no hay on hand. Shelter was poor. On talking the matter over with the man who was boarding the horse, the owner, and the complainant, our agent warned them against neglect and it was decided to sell the horse. This was done.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



"Susie"

By Grace Richardson (Age 11)

I have a dog and her name is "Susie." Susie is a cute little black dog and can run like the wind. One day when I came back from school Susie was gone. I searched for her, but had no luck. Three days went by, and I asked my friends every day if they had seen her but they hadn't, and I was very sad.

One day my mother thought of phoning the S. P. C. A., so she phoned, and they said they had a little black dog. Then my mother and I went over and sure enough there was a little black dog. The man took her out of the kennel but she did not seem to know me. I looked in another kennel and a little black dog in it whined for me. It was SUSIE!

I was very glad to have her back, and she was too for she'd been away three days.



Man in the Moon

By Frances Cimino (Age 8)

One bright night I was shining. A little brown dog was barking because his paw was caught in a can. I felt sorry for him. A man was walking by. He saw the little brown dog and tried to help him. I tried to help the dog, too. I had an idea. I shone on the dog a little brighter. The man took the paw out of the can. I was happy. But the next minute I was unhappy because the sun was coming up.



My Pet Calf

By Evelyn Andrus

We called the calf "Spot." When it was a day old it would not run and play. Now it runs and plays all over the farm. It goes through fences and trees.

My Puppy

By Joyce Williams

*I have a sweet little puppy,
She's very sweet indeed.
I love her more and more each day,
As I watch her feed.*



Black Boy

By Sherry Distefano (Age 10)

When I found my black cat he had a broken leg. I took him home and my mother agreed to let me keep him. Since his leg was broken I took him to the pet hospital. Now his leg is healing and ever since he has been my constant companion.

And he is so smart. In the morning, when the alarm clock rings, he runs to my mother and makes noise until she wakes up, because he wants his breakfast. He also likes to go everywhere with me. I have taken him on a train, in a car and in an airplane. He has had lots of funny experiences in traveling.

I love my black cat better than any other pet I have ever had.



"This is mine—keep away!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Penguins

By IRENE U. HARTWELL

*The penguin, with its vest of white,
Is very queer and nice.
It lives down in Antarctica,
Where all is snow and ice.*

*Although it cannot fly a bit,
It really gets around.
It marches upright on two feet,
Along the frozen ground.*

*Or swims about in the chilly sea,
Or dives down deep as deep,
Then speeds up to the surface
And gives a playful leap.*

*And when it tires of doing this
And wants to rest its wing,
It lowers itself on its handy vest
And goes tobogganing.*

MANY fine posters made by children in the schools all over the state were received by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in its recent Poster Contest. You will find some of the prize winners pictured on page 12.

June 1947

Subway Marathon

A SMALL white terrier recently set the pace for a London subway train in a six mile race, cheered on by crowds at every station.

The dog suddenly appeared on the tracks in the beam from the headlight. The engineer put on the brakes, but the dog put on speed. It passed ten stations without leaving the tracks, while other trains slowed up behind the first one. After running six miles in fifty minutes, the terrier suddenly hopped onto a station platform and the trains regained their speed.

The trains usually make the trip in twenty minutes.

—L. T. Powers

What Can It Be?

TO find out what animal is under the hat, among the spring flowers, with your pencil start at one and follow the numbers. It's not "Ferdinand!"



R. C. Craven Retires

A VERITABLE bulwark of the humane movement is lost by the retirement of Richard C. Craven, Western Regional Director of The American Humane Association.

The following resolution adopted at the spring meeting of the Association's Board of Directors is echoed in the hearts of every humanitarian. Our best wishes go with Mr. Craven and may we add:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Resolution

WHEREAS, The Board of Directors of The American Humane Association, in accepting the resignation of Mr. Richard C. Craven, desires to express its sincere regret at the severance of a happy relationship which has existed for more than thirty years and to record on the minutes of this meeting its appreciation of his years of valued service, and,

WHEREAS, Mr. Craven, having entered the employ of The American Humane Association under the presidency of the late Dr. William O. Stillman, brings to mind his loyal and efficient service as Field Organizer, traveling to all parts of the country, often at serious personal inconvenience and sacrifice, helping to organize new humane societies and, by wise counsel and encouragement stimulating others to increased activities; also, recalling his successful efforts as the Editor of *The National Humane Review* in which he gave utterance to many brilliant and inspiring articles which still continue to minister to the needs of our cause and, lastly, his more outstanding service as Western Regional Director which position he has held since 1940, and through whose conscientious efforts and unwavering fidelity to the duties of his office, many vicious and inhumane practices involving cruelty to animals used in the making of motion pictures have now been abolished and an agreement established with the Motion Picture Industry, recognizing him as the official representative of The American Humane Association and sole arbiter of the treatment accorded animals in the filming of pictures, now, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, That in the termination of his stewardship, Mr. Craven takes with him the sincere good wishes of the members of this Board and leaves behind a record of achievement that will serve as a continuing inspiration to those who will take up the duties which he performed with such conspicuous success, and,

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That this Resolution be spread upon the Minutes of this meeting and copy of the same sent to Mr. Craven.



How many times the horse drove the cattle no one knows.

Memories By DOROTHY WILSON

"A man that says a hoss don't know nothin' don't know much about hosses."

—Charles Russell, "Trails Plowed Under."

ALONG a creek near a ranch house in the San Luis Valley in Colorado grazed two pensioned horses, a bay and a black. Both were top cow ponies in their day and had earned their coveted rest. But one of them, the bay, could not forget so easily the days he had spent behind a moving herd of cattle, always alert lest one head slip behind unnoticed. So one day, the bay horse, no doubt lonesome for the sound of cows bawling for their calves, and the smell of trail dust stirred by many tramping hoofs, left his partner and went back away from the creek about a mile. There he found a scattered bunch of cattle and he began to circle them, finally herding them into a bunch. Then began the steady walk back and forth behind them to keep them moving. One heifer broke away from the bunch and ran back. The horse watched her out of the corner of his eye but did not deviate from his steady driving. Before long he reached the creek and greener grass. There he dropped the herd and turning around started back in a trot to the lone heifer. As he circled her she started for the bunch and he brought her back to them in a long trot. His work done for the day he again joined his pal and began to switch his tail while he basked in the sun.

About two days later he was again seen driving a smaller bunch toward the creek. This time he passed close to the ranch house and the faithful watch dog barked the warning of approaching stock. This frightened the cattle, and

the driver and the herd scattered. The bay trotted off about two hundred feet. When it seemed sufficiently quiet again the bay rounded up his bunch and proceeded with them toward the creek.

How many times he drove the cattle when no one saw him is not known, but even these two times seem evidence enough that horses do think, they do reason, and they do have sense . . . lots of it. If you don't think so you just don't know much about horses.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 9:30 A.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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99 Newbury Street

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1947.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize \$25.00
Second Prize 15.00
Third Prize 5.00

Ten \$3.00 prizes
Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

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Write for additional information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

**THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**

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|---------------------|----------|------------------|---------|
| Life | \$500 00 | Associate Annual | \$10 00 |
| Sustaining Annual | 100 00 | Active Annual | 5 00 |
| Supporting Annual | 50 00 | Annual | 2 00 |
| Contributing Annual | 25 00 | Children's | 1 00 |

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

The Reason Why

Main Reason

Of course there is more than one reason why *Our Dumb Animals* should be in every home — but the big reason, is its wholesome influence on young and old, alike.

For Young and Old

Its informative articles about the lives and habits of animals, true stories of their doings in everyday life, appealing verse, and outstanding, story-telling pictures, make *Our Dumb Animals* interesting to both children and adults.

Ideal Gift

As a gift for birthday or other remembrance it is without equal. Remember, such a gift renews itself each month, reminding the recipient continually of your thoughtfulness and giving him added reading pleasure.

For School Use

Enthusiastic letters from teachers describe the use of *Our Dumb Animals* in the school room. Every teacher should know and use it in teaching children the value of animal life.

Earn Extra Income

With this issue, we offer a plan whereby anyone wishing to earn extra money may do so, by introducing *Our Dumb Animals* to friends and neighbors. Liberal commissions will be extended to those sending in subscriptions. Fill out this coupon or write a postcard addressed to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for full particulars of this plan.

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